

# New Poetry by Kathleen Hellen: "People Boats" and "Pretending There Is A Garden In The Spring, Paradise In Time"



DREAMS SWELL LASHED / image by Amalie Flynn

## people boats

dreams swell/ lashed to circumstance in Syria/ in Gambia/  
launched from Libya in leaky rubber chugs to birdless deep/  
chugs w/ floor of feet w/ canopy of arms like 700 starfish  
sweating/ surfing demons/ keeling keening groaning spinning  
ferment/ tossed estrange/ the black moon sinking into raucous  
mucus maelstroms/ cataract of violet distress/ the turbulence  
of orange sun/ bursting over flotsom/ boats adrift/ boats  
repelled/ prison haulers fatal w/o water, w/o air fatal in  
shrieking rescue/ panicked sea/ 10 hours tossed to grief/

where vomit waters sweep the beaches gnawed by ruptured rubber  
masses/ huddled under searchlights/ infant wish:: democracy

**pretending there is garden in the spring, paradise in time**

this silk and golden weft that weaves  
its vines through field and forest  
this intricate design atop a kingdom  
of the dying, above the restless thread  
of streets, the rot beneath:: Deep  
the sleep of mouse and wren, the carcasses  
of crickets. The desiccated corpses  
of the moths. Beneath the flowers all  
dyed dismal, dog and possum disemboweled,  
little deer with tongue stuck out, the rat  
beheaded, like video of hostage